

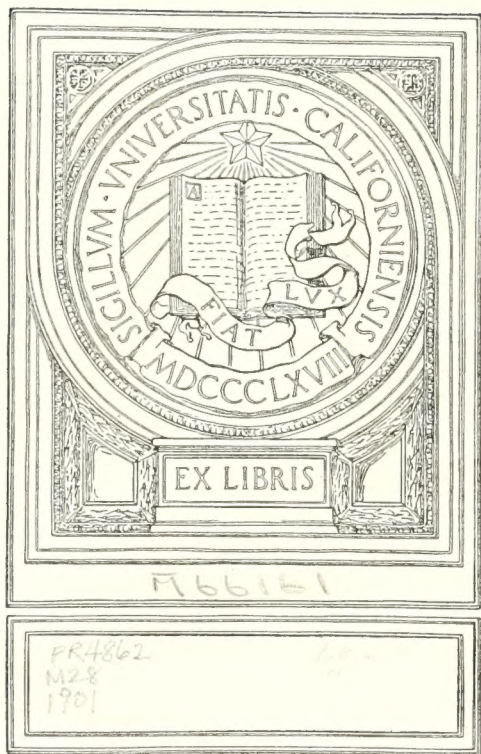
A MASQUE OF DAYS

WORDS
BY ELIA
DRESSES
& DECOR-
ATIONS
BY
WALTER
CRANE









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Elia

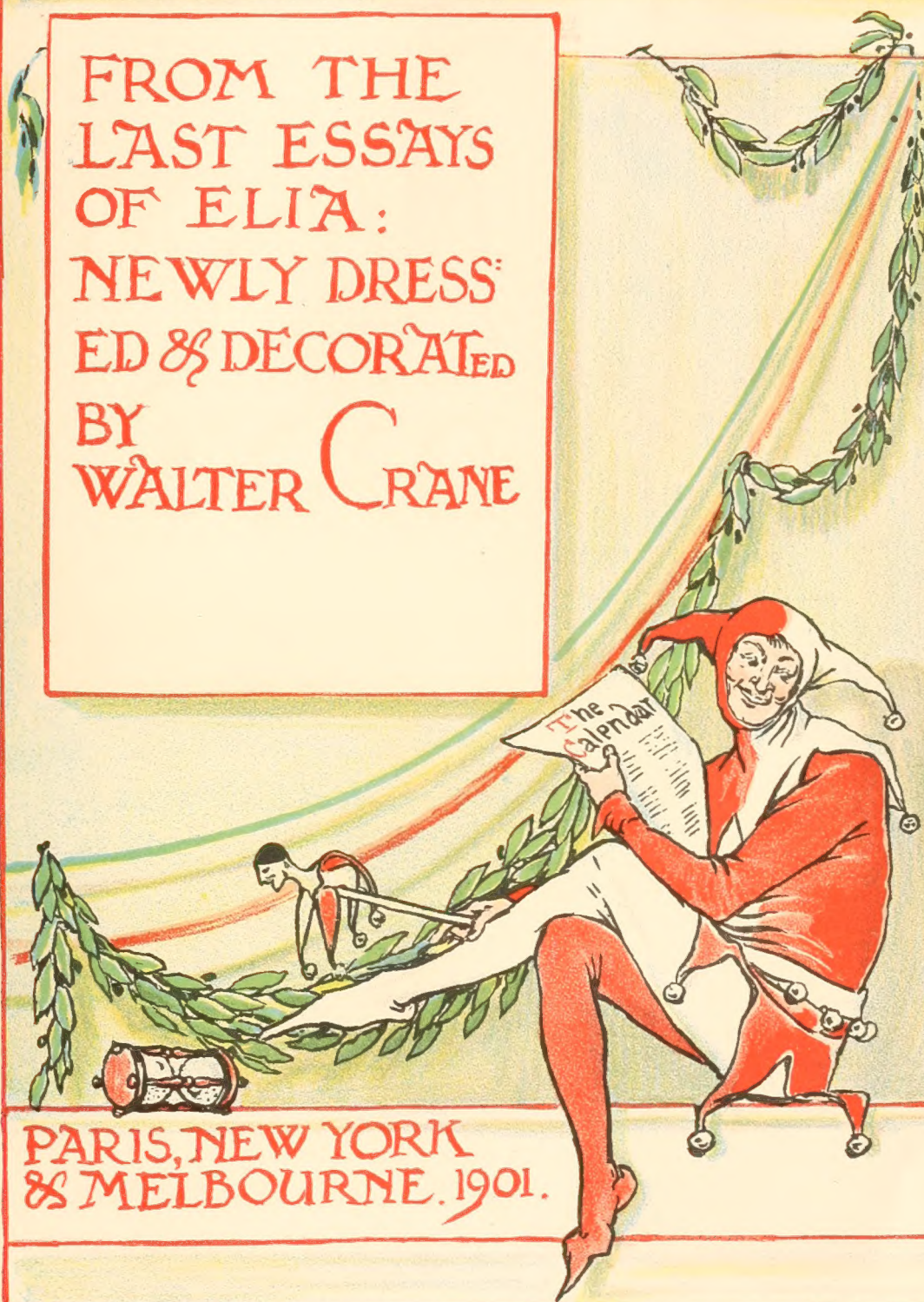
A MASOVE OF DAYS



CASSELL & COMPANY
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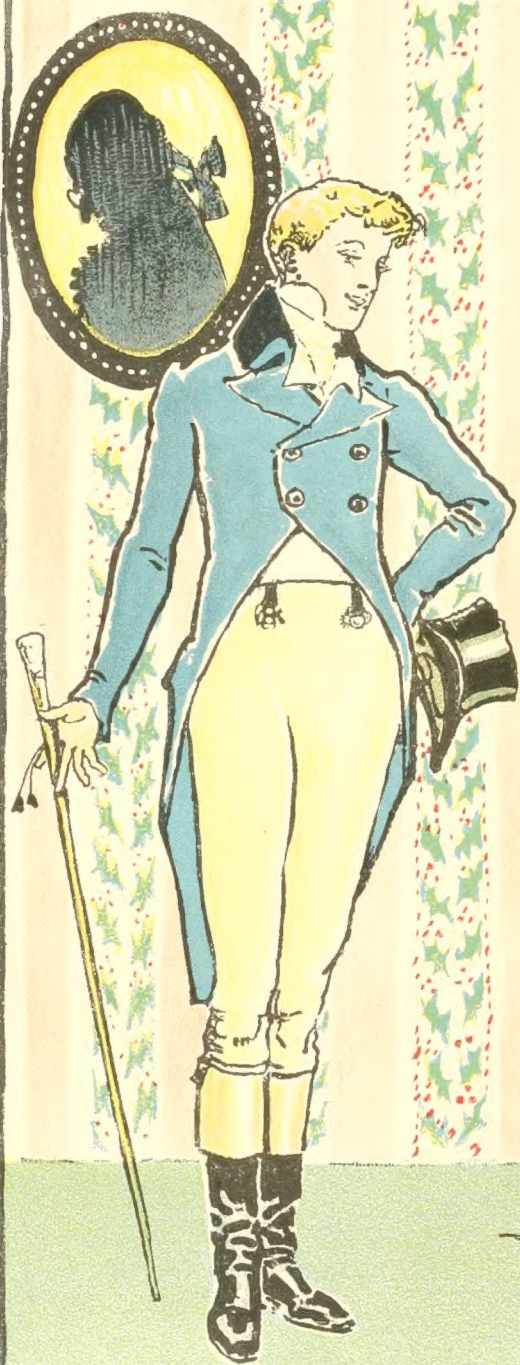


FROM THE
LAST ESSAYS
OF ELIA:
NEWLY DRESS-
ED & DECORATED
BY
WALTER CRANE



PARIS, NEW YORK
& MELBOURNE. 1901.

1.
THE OLD YEAR being
dead, and the **NEW**
YEAR coming of age, wh:
he does by **C**alendar **L**aw,
as soon as the breath is out
of the old gentleman's body,
nothing would serve the young
spark but he must give a din:
ner upon the occasion, to wh:
all the **D**ays in the year were
invited. **T**he **F**estivals, &
whom he deputed as his &
stewards, were mightily ta:
ken with the notion. **T**hey



had been engaged time out of
mind, they said, in providing
mirth and good cheer for mort-
als below; and it was time they
should have a taste of their own
bounty. It was stiffly debat-
ed among them whether the
Fasts should be admitted. **S**ome
said, the appearance of
such lean, starved guests, with
their mortified faces, would per-
vert the ends of the meeting.
But the objection was over-
ruled by **C**hristmas **D**ay who
had a design upon **A**sh **W**ed-
nesday



³
(as you shall hear),
and a mighty desire
to see how the old
Domine would be:
have himself in his
cups.

Only the **VIGILS**
were requested to
come with their
lanterns to light the



5.
I SHOULD have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. **The** carriers were **THE HOURS** twelve little, merry whirligig foot-pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found



6
out the persons invited
well enough, with the
exception of **E**aster
Day, **S**hrove **T**uesday,
and a few such **M**ove:
ables, who had lately
shifted their quarters.
✻ . ✻ . ✻ . ✻



WELL, they all met
 at last, foul **Days**
 fine **Days**. all sorts of
Days, and a rare
 din they made of it. **u**
There was nothing
 but, **Hail!** fellow **Day**;
 well met—brother **Day**—
 sister **Day**—only **LADY**
DAY kept a little a-
 loof and seemed some:



what scornful. Yet
 some said, **TWELFTH**
DAY cut her out and
 out, for she came in a
 tiffany suit, white and
 gold, like a queen on
 a frost-cake, all roy-
 :al glittering, and
Epiphanous. ✨
 ✨ . ✨ . ✨ . ✨



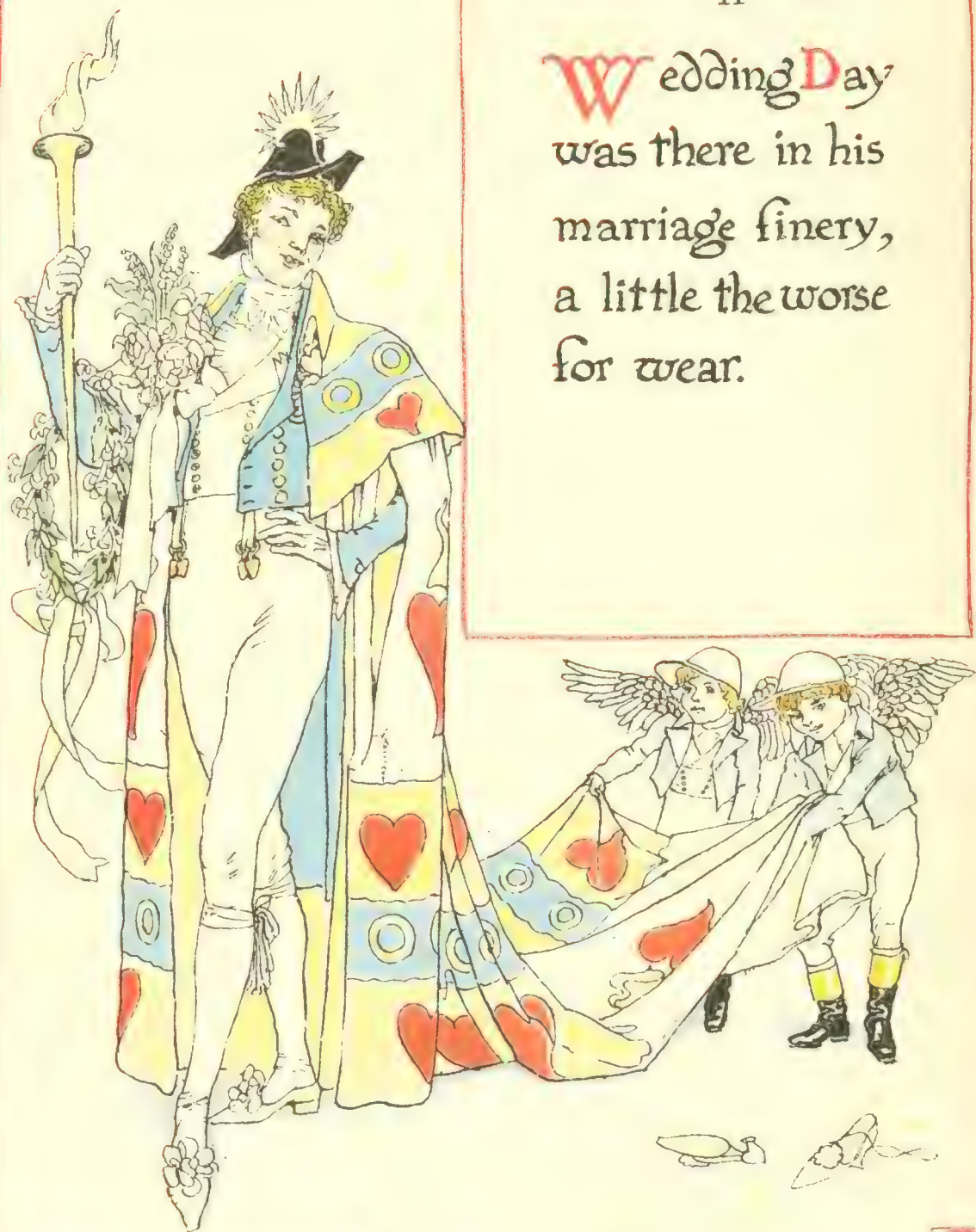
The rest came,
some in green, some
in white — but old
Lent and his fam-
ily were not yet
out of mourning.



Rainy **D**ays came
in, dripping; and
sun-shiny **D**ays
helped them to
change their
stockings



Wedding Day
was there in his
marriage finery,
a little the worse
for wear.



Pay **D**ay came
late, as he always
does ; and **D**ooms
day sent word—
he might be expected.



April Fool (as my
 young lord's jester)
 took upon himself
 to marshal the guests,
 and wild work he &
 made with it. **I**t
 would have posed &
 old **E**rra **P**ater to &
 have found out any
 given **D**ay in the year,
 to erect a scheme
 upon—



good **D**ays, bad **D**ays
 were so shuffled to
 together, to the con-
 founding of all sober
 horoscopy. **H**e had
 stuck the **T**wenty-**F**irst
 of **J**une next to the **T**wen-
 ty-**S**econd of **D**ecember,
 and the former looked
 like a **M**aypole siding
 a marrow-bone.



Ash Wednesday got
wedged in (as was concerted)
betwixt **C**hristmas & **L**ord
Mayor's **D**ays. **L**ord! how
he laid about him! **N**othing
but barons of beef & Turkeys
would go down with him
to the great greasing
& detriment of his new sack-
cloth bib & tucker. **A**nd
still **C**hristmas **D**ay was
at his elbow, plying him
with the wassail-bowl,



till he roared, & hiccupp'd, & protested there was no faith in dried ling, * * * a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious hy-po-crit-crit-critical mess & no dish for a gentleman. **T**hen he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his left-hand neighbour, & daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the **L**ast **D**ay in **D**ecember it so hung in icicles.



AT another part
of the table, Shrove
Tuesday was help-
ing the Second of
September to some
cock broth, —



which courtesy the
latter returned with
the delicate thigh
of a hen pheasant
— so there was no
love lost for that
matter.



The Last of Lent was spunging upon Shrove-tide's pancakes; which April Fool perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

In another part a hub-bub arose about the Thirtieth of January, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that



thought nobody's meat
 good or sanctified enough
 for him, had smuggled in
 to the room a calf's head,
 which he had had cooked
 at home for that purpose,
 thinking to feast thereon
 incontinently; but as it lay
 in the dish **March** **M**any
 weathers, who is a very
 fine lady, and subject to
 the meagrimms, screamed



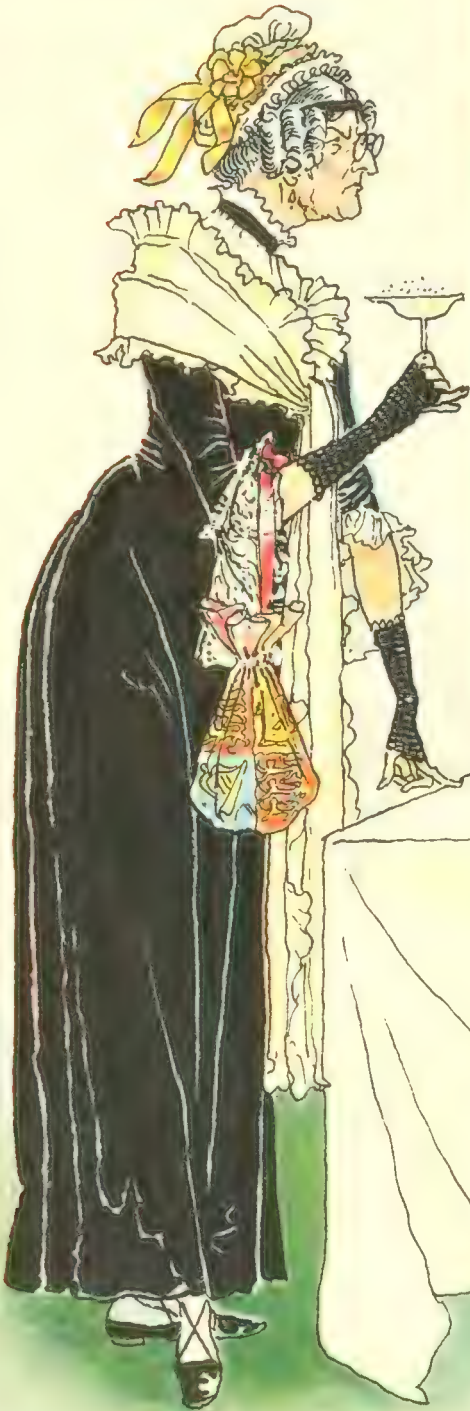
out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about **H**erodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she



had gulped down a
Restorative, concocted
of **O**ak **A**pple, which
the merry **T**wenty-**N**inth
of **M**ay always carries
about with him for that
purpose.



The **K**ing's health
 being called for after
 this, a notable dispute
 arose between the **12th**
 of **A**ugust (a zealous
 old **W**hig gentlewoman,
 and the **T**wenty **T**hird of
April (a new-fangled la-
 dy of the **T**ory stamp) as
 to which of them should
 have the honour to propose
 it?

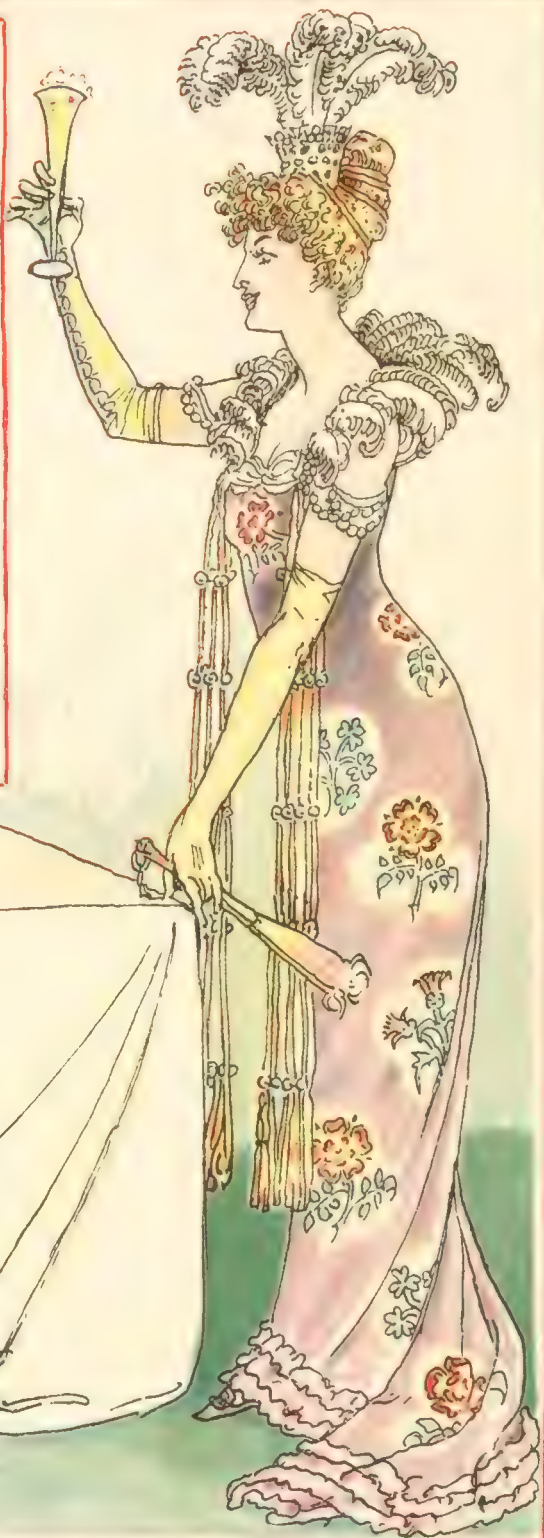


August grew hot upon
the matter, affirming time
out of mind the prescrip-
tive right to have lain
with her, till her rival
basely supplanted her;

* * * * *

April Fool being made med-
iator, confirmed the right in
the strongest form of words to
the appellant, but decided for
peace' sake that the exercise
of it should remain with the
present possessor.

* * * * *



It beginning to grow
 a little duskish, &
 Candlemas lustily
 bawled out for lights
 which was opposed by
 all the Days, who pro-
 tested against burning



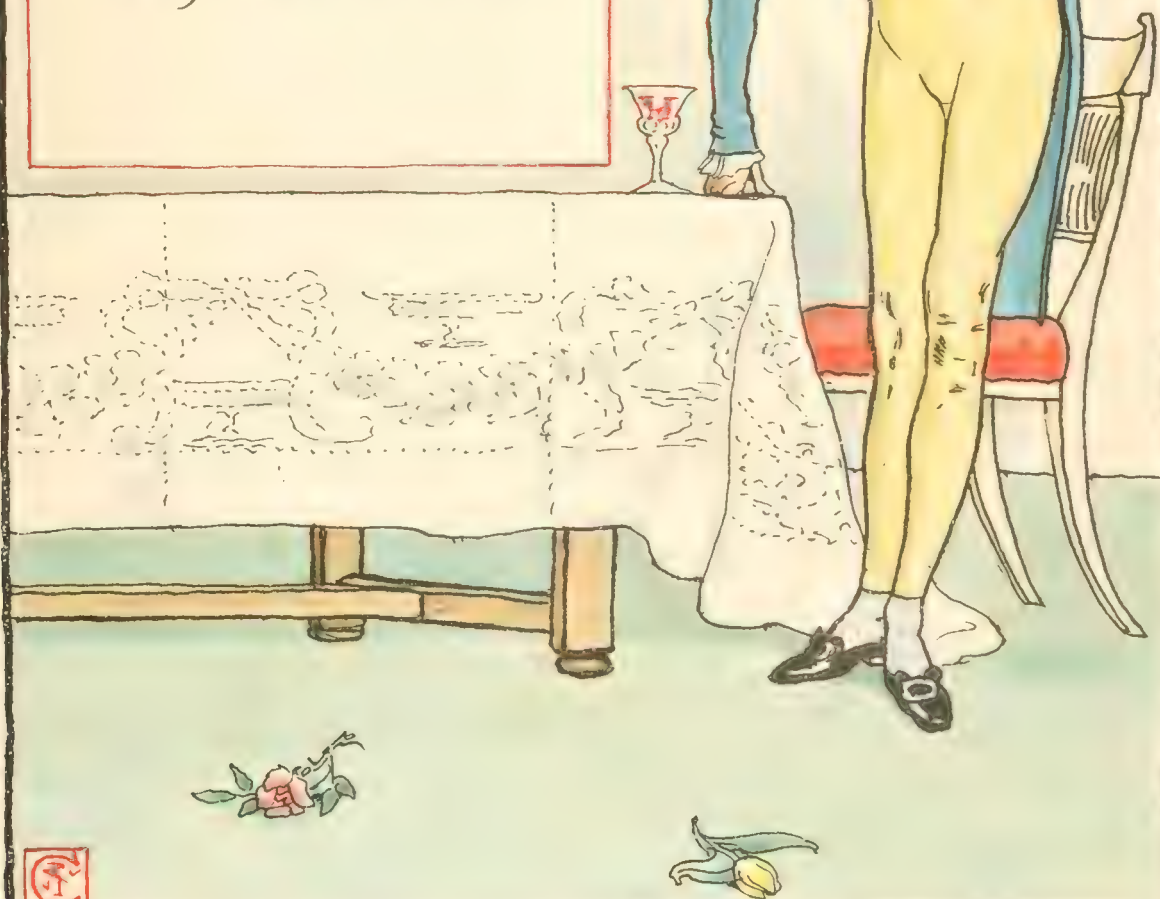
daylight. Then a
fair water was hand-
ed round in silver a-
ewers, and the same
lady was observed
to take an unusual
time in washing her-
self.



May-Day, with that
 sweetness, which is
 peculiar to her, in a neat
 speech proposing the &
 health of the founder,
 crowned her goblet, and
 by her example the rest
 of the company, with
 garlands. && **T**his be-
 ing done, the lordly &
New Year from the up-
 per end of the table,



in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. **H**e felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, & at the same time to abate {if anything was found unreasonable} in their rents.



At the mention of this & the **F**our **Q**uarter **D**ays involuntarily looked at each other, & smiled; **A**pril **F**ool whistled to an old tune of "**N**ew **B**rooms" & a surly old rebel at the further end of the table {who was discovered to be no other than the **F**ifth of a **N**ovember} muttered out distinctly enough to be heard by the whole com-



pany, words to this effect, that "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." **W**hich rudeness of his, the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; & the malcontent was thrust out neck & heels into the cellar, as the properest place for such a boulet feu & firebrand as he had shewn himself to be.



Orders being restored—
 the young lord {who, to say
 truth, had been a little ruffled &
 put beside his oratory} in as few,
 & yet as obliging words as pos-
 sible, assured them of entire wel-
 come; & with a graceful turn,
 singling out poor **T**wenty-Ninth
 of **F**ebruary, that had sat all this
 while mumchance at the side-
 board, begged to couple his health
 with that of the good company
 before him — which he drank
 accordingly; observing, that he
 had not seen his honest face
 any time these four years —
 with a number of endearing

April **F**ool swore they had
 exchanged conditions; but
Good **F**riday was observed
 to look extremely grave; &



expressions besides. **A**t the same time, removing the solitary **D**ay from the forlorn seat which had been assigned to him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the **G**reek **C**alends & **L**atter **L**ammas.

Ash **W**ednesday, being ^{now} called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, & as well as the **G**anary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a **G**arol, which **G**hristmas **D**ay & had taught him for the nonce; & was followed by the latter, who gave "**M**iserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping notes & lengthened drawl of **O**ld **M**or: rification with infinite humour.

Sunday held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.



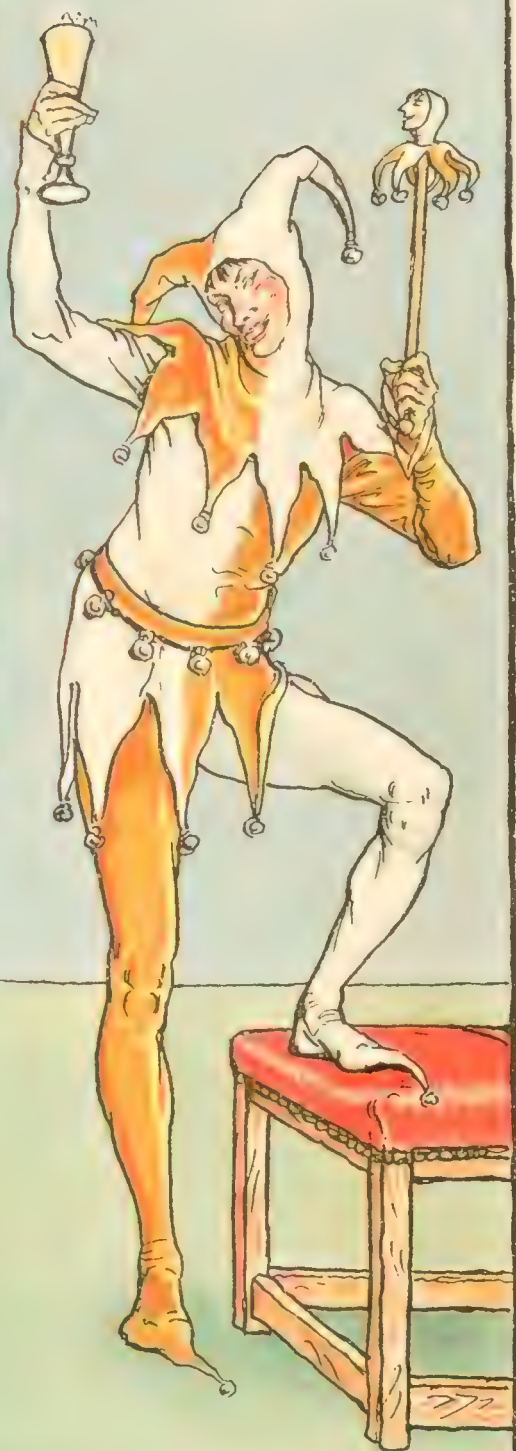
Shrove tide, Lord
Mayor's Day, and
April Fool, next join-
ed in a glee -

Which is the properest
day to drink?
in which all the days
chiming in, made a mer-
ry burden.

They next fell to quib-
bles & conundrums.



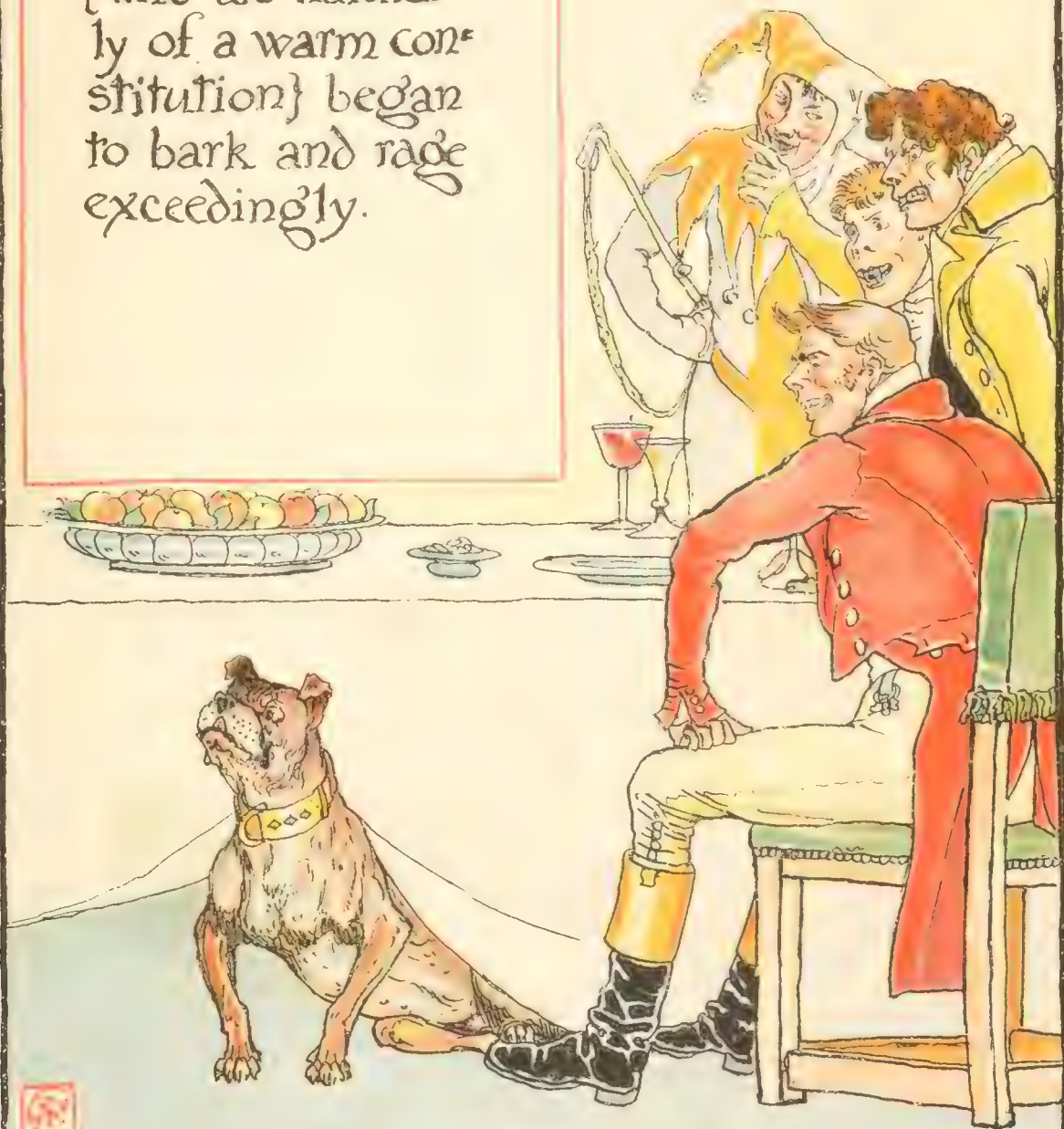
The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers — the **Quarter Days** said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. **But** **April Fool** gave it in favour of the **Forty Days** before **Easter**; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, & they kept lent all the year round.



All this while
Valentine's Day
kept courting
pretty May, who
sat next him,
slipping amorous
billets-doux un-



der the table, till
the **Bog Days**
{who are natural-
ly of a warm con-
stitution} began
to bark and rage
exceedingly.



April Fool, who likes a bit of sport above measure, & had some pretensions to the lady besides as being but a cousin once removed, - clapped & halloo'd them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled those mad wags, the **E**mbler **D**ays, were at it with their bellows to blow it into a flame; & all was in a ferment: till old **M**adame **S**eptuagesima {who boasts herself the **M**other of the **D**ays} wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious



tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; & of one **Master Rogation Day** in particular, who was for ever putting the question to her; & but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle wd: tell - by which I apprehend she meant the **Almanack**.

Then she rambled on to the **D**ays that were gone, the good old **D**ays, & so to the **D**ays & before the **F**lood - which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed & doited.



Day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks & great coats & took their leaves.

Lord Mayor's Day went off in a mist as usual; Shortest Day in a deep black Fog that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two Vigils—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy, patrol, called the Eye of St. Christopher—



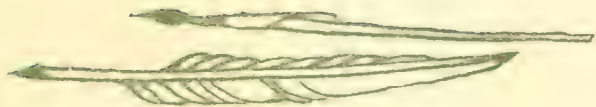
seeing **A**sh **W**ednesday in a condition little better than he should be—e'en whipt him o'er his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, & **O**ld **M**ortification & went floating home singing—"On the bat's back do I fly," & a number of old snatches besides, between drunk & sober; but very few **A**ves or **P**enitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. **L**ongest **D**ay set off westward in beautiful crimson & gold—the rest, & some in one fashion, some in another; but **V**alentine & pretty **M**ay took their departure together

in one of the prettiest silvery twilight's a **L**over's **D**ay could wish to set in.

FINIS



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A MASQUE OF DAYS

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ARTIST:
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